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NO. 21.

Lullaby.

BABY, what do the blossoms say
Down in the garden walk?
They nod and they bow in the twilight grey;
Pray, can you hear them talk?
They say: "Oh! darling baby bright,
We are going to sleep; good-night! good-night!
For the lullaby breezes have come to sing
How God takes care of everything."
Sleep! sleep!

Baby, what does the robin say?
Do you hear his evening song?
He sits and sings his sunset lay
With a heart all blithe and strong,
He sings: "Good-night my baby dear,
Sleep soft, sleep well, and do not fear;
For somehow I know, as I sit and sing,
That God takes care of everything."
Sleep! sleep!

Baby, what does the cricket say?
Do you hear his measured voice?
He says: "The sun has gone away,
And I've come out to rejoice;
For the cold dew falls upon the grass,
And the fire-flies whisper as they pass,
'Cricket, cricket, come out and sing,
How God takes care of everything.'"
Sleep! Sleep!

Baby, what are your mother's words,
As you nestle upon her breast?
She says: come higher, my sweetest of birds,
For you must seek your nest.
The flowers and the robins have gone to sleep,
The crickets and glowworms their watches keep;
And your mother will sit by the cradle and sing,
That God takes care of everything."
Sleep! sleep!

To-Day.

Lo! here hath been dawning another day;
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?
Out of eternity this new day is born;
Into eternity at night will return.

For the Myrtle.

Respect to the Aged.

THERE was a post office kept by a tea-grocer named Borley, to which Annie Yolland and I were often sent to post letters, or to purchase stamps, and sometimes lemons and raspberry drops and figs. But a greater attraction than even these sweets, was Mrs. Borley herself, who sometimes presided behind the counter, and on such occasions, invariably spoke of us as "*these young ladies*" when we were as yet of such tender age that amongst our familiar friends we were spoken of by no more advanced titles than those of "*the little ones*" or "*the children*."

Mrs. Borley was, I believe, between seventy and eighty years of age, but according to popular report, she had once been a great beauty. And she was even now in excellent preservation; we considered her jet black curls, beneath the lace cap ornamented with roses and heath, her pearly teeth, coral lips, and rosy cheeks, to be very attractive, though the curls might be open to suspicion on account of the velvet band pinned across the front of the parting with a garnet brooch, and the completion was somewhat too powdery of texture.

Mrs. Borley was addicted to the wearing of much jewelry. Her cameo ear-drops reached to her shoulders, and her breast pins, of which she contrived to wear two or three at a time, were stupendous. Her fingers were partly covered by black silk "mittens," through which gleamed

stones of all colors, and bracelets loaded her wrists.

Sometimes Annie would meet me in the street and would say, "Come quickly! Make haste! There's Mrs. Borley taking a walk in the square," and I would make the greatest haste not to lose the sight. For if it were in the depth of winter, Mrs. Borley might be seen with a gauzy dress, light scarf, or lace shawl, lace bonnet laden with flowers and feathers, pale kid gloves, and a green parasol, and in summer, she might frequently be wearing a velveteen dress and ermine muff and boa.

One day at the post office I was handing Mr. Borley some money, when, without observing that I was doing so, he took up a long sharp knife and cut some string from a package. The consequence was that my finger received a gash, the scar of which yet remains.

I screamed long and loudly, whilst Mr. Borley in great agitation attempted to staunch the wound with snuff, to my disgust! then he took me up stairs to have it dressed by Mrs. Borley. She was very kind and gentle, and gave me seed cake, and current wine from a pretty red glass goblet, to "restore me." I was accompanied home by Mr. Borley, who apologized so earnestly to my mother for the mishap that I expected every moment to see him shed tears, and therefore I dried my own, and tried to make light of my pain, so that he might not blame himself so severely. Even after that when Mrs. Borley saw me, she would enquire after my finger, and make up a paper of raspberry drops, which despite my earnest refusals she would insist on my accepting.

One day she sent invitations to Annie Yolland and myself, to go there to tea. I did not go, but Annie went, and the next morning she came to tell me all about it.

"Oh Clelia! you should have been there! such fun! Mrs. Borley was dressed so grandly! Immediately after I had taken off my things she began to nod, and wink, and beckon to me, and when I went close up to her she whispered in my ear that she knew she could trust me to see to it, and she did not care to let servants know where everything was kept, and she would show me where her spoons were, and she pointed to a bandbox and told me I would find them there. When I took off the cover I found the spoons all mixed up with artificial flowers, and ribbons, and then she asked me to do her the favor to

take them into the other room and lay them on the table, and she would come by and by and place them properly. I wanted to laugh dreadfully!

There were quantities of muffins, and crumpets, cakes, jams, and everything, but the girls and boys all spoke in whispers, and if one of them coughed, all the rest turned to look. There was some nice girls, one, Mary Annie Stockton, especially, but most of them were horrid little things, and some of them were dressed up so funnily. Mrs. Borley talked to us as if we were grown up people, and some answered in such low voices, as if they were afraid to speak; but one girl who sat next to me tried to make me laugh just as I was drinking, and I nearly choked, and when Mrs. Borley got up from her chair to come and pat me on the back, and tell me to look up at the ceiling and count the flies, to stop my coughing, I thought it would have killed me! and the girl kept pulling my dress, and touching my elbow, and laughing slyly whenever Mrs. Borley spoke, till I was quite ashamed."

"That was very rude of her," said my mother. "Not according to the golden rule!"

"Oh but mamma! Mrs. Borley is such an *old* lady to do such funny things!"

"I suppose my child that it is your wish that I should live long."

"Why, of course, mamma."

"Well then, should I live long, I should be old, and when old I should probably have some of the infirmities of age, and it is uncertain what form they might take. Supposing that I should have peculiarities similar to those of Mrs. Borley, would you like to see any children whom I should invite to my house, laughing at me, or in any other way treating me with disrespect? And should you yourselves live to be old women, you must expect to look and act like some of the old persons you see around you. When Annie's dark merry eyes are dim, and her rosy cheeks hollow and wrinkled, and your long dark hair has turned gray, or fallen off, and your red lips have shrunk, and your nose has met your chin, you will neither of you like being ridiculed. And Mrs. Borley who was once extremely handsome, and was probably very much complimented and flattered, feels all the more a dread of the changes that old age brings, and seeks to hide them, and to do so has become with her an all important case. If you would be wiser than you think her to be, you must always remember that, what is

in the head, is of far more importance than what is on the head."

"But, mamma, you know that you and papa sometimes laugh at Mrs. Borley's funny ways."

"That is true, but our laughter is involuntary. We do not hold Mrs. Borley up to public ridicule, we do not forget that she is a very kind hearted woman, and has been an excellent wife and mother. But you know, my dears, that even where an old person should appear not to merit respect, it should be odious in a young person to be wanting in it.

Clelia Lega Weeks.

Better than That.

FROM THE FRENCH.

The emperor Joseph II, disliked luxury and fine clothing. One day he was riding in a low wheeled carriage in the suburbs of Vienna, when it began to rain. A pedestrian who was also going into the city, beckoned to the driver to give him a seat in the carriage, and he was taken in. "Sir!" said the soldier, (for he was a sergeant) "excuse me for asking for a seat beside you, but I do not wish to spoil my uniform that I am wearing to-day for the first time."

"We will save your clothes," said Joseph, "here a seat here. Whence do you come?"

"Ah!" said the soldier, "I have just come from the gamekeeper's house;—one of my friends who gave me a splendid breakfast."

"What did you have to eat, that was so good?"

"Guess!"

"How do I know; soup and beer."

"Yes, soup, but better than that."

"Sourkrout!"

"Better than that."

"Calf's tongue?"

"Better than that; guess again."

"My faith! I can never guess," exclaimed Joseph.

"A pheasant! a pheasant shot in the pleasure grounds of his majesty," said the soldier as he slapped the emperor on the thigh.

When they entered the city the rain was still falling, and Joseph asked his companion where he would be left.

"I fear I may abuse your kindness——"

"No, no! tell me your street," said the emperor.

The soldier then told where he lived, and asked the name of the man who was showing him so much honor.

"In your turn," said Joseph, "guess,"

"You are a military man, without doubt?"

"Yes I am."

"Lieutenant?"

"Yes, a lieutenant, but better than that."

"Captain?"

"Better than that."

"A colonel perhaps."

"Better than that, guess again!"

"Now the deuce!" said the man shrinking into the corner, "are you a field marshal?"

"Better than that!"

"O heavens! it is the emperor."

Translated by Mrs. S. M. C. Perkins.

The Count and the Dove.

Count Zinzendorf was a great German noble, and lived to do a great deal of good in the world.

When a boy, he was one day playing with his hoop near the bank of a river which flowed outside the walls of a castle where he lived, when he espied a dove struggling in the water. By some means the poor little creature had fallen into the river, and was unable to escape. The little count immediately rolled a large washing-tub, which had been left near, to the water's edge; jumped into it; and, though generally very timid on the water, by the aid of a stick he managed to steer himself across the river to the place where the dove lay floating and struggling. With the bird in his arms, he guided the tub back, and reached the land in safety.

After warming his little captive tenderly in his bosom, the boy ran with it to the woods, and set it free. His mother, who had watched the whole transaction from her chamber-window, in trembling anxiety for his safety, now came out.

"Were you not afraid?" she asked

"Yes, I was, rather," answered the little boy; "but I could not bear that it should die so. You know, mother, its little ones might have been watching for it to come home!"

S. S. Herald.

THE lesson of experience: A worthy purpose, patient energy for its accomplishment, a resoluteness that is undaunted by difficulties, and, in ordinary circumstances, success.

IN proportion to the depth and comprehensiveness of knowledge that a person possesses on any subject, will be the modesty with which he expresses direct opinions in regard to it.



The Foolish Frog.

THERE was once a young frog,
 Who lived in a bog
 Not far from a fallen tree;
 He had nothing to do,
 Or his tasks were but few,
 And a merry young fellow was he.

But this same little frog
 Who lived in the bog
 Had a very bad fault, as you'll see;
 He thought there was none
 'Neath the broad shining sun
 Quite so wise and so cunning as he.

The frogs of the bog
 Were to meet on the log
 One evening, and this was the reason;
 They intended to hold—
 So at least I was told—
 A concert, the first of the season.

Through the marshes all round
 There was none to be found
 That could sing like our foolish young frog,
 So they asked him to go,
 But the mother said, "No;
 He'll be safer with me in the bog"

But he answered, "Dear me!"
 (He had, you will see,
 No wisdom to lay on the shelf.)
 "I am now nearly grown;
 'Twould be strange, you will own,
 If I could not take care of myself."

So his head he put out
 And looked slyly about,
 And said, as he met with no harm

(More witty than wise,)
 "I must say, with these eyes
 I can not see cause for alarm."

And then he sprang out
 With a gay little shout
 And mounted the log with a spring,
 And finding the band
 Not yet on the land,
 He concluded a solo to sing.

He first cleared his throat,
 Then uttered a note
 That rang through the silence profound,
 And he thought all the while,
 As he sang with a smile,
 "I was brave to be first on the ground."

Although I was there,
 I can't give the air,
 Though I doubt not 'twas all very nice,
 For a duck came along
 In the midst of his song
 And gobbled him up in a trice.

Now, I think 'twould be wise
 For all little eyes
 To remember 'tis often the case—

There is danger at hand
 Both by water and land,
 Though they may behold not a trace.

And it happens sometimes—
 You may learn from these rhymes—
 That, though we may think we are able
 To keep out of harm,
 There is "cause for alarm,"
 As there was with the frog in the fable.

Little Sower.



For the Myrtle.

Getting Acquainted.


 LUCY had been all summer at the farm house, and had made friends with everything on the place except the doves. These were so shy, she could not get acquainted with them at all. If she came near where they were running along on the ground with their pink feet they would quickly fly away to the housetop. If she scattered corn for them, they would wait until they thought she was out of sight. She had cooed to them and held out her hands and tried all manner of pretty coaxing and feeding, had climbed

up to the dove-cots in the barn and looked into their nests with the speckled eggs. But it was all of no use. They refused to get acquainted.

Even the sitting hens, that Lucy was afraid of, and they of her, learned different ways when they came off with their chicks and Lucy fed them with wet meal, morning, noon and night. Then they so onfound her out for a friend, and led by the hungry chicks, followed her around as their chicks followed them. She fed the calves and lambs, too, and they soon learned to know her voice and

The Mistle

show signs of delight when she came near. Only the doves Lucy could not conquer.

But one day a little dove fell out of the nest in the dove-cot and was half killed. Lucy saw it fall, and ran and picked it up. She carried it in, warmed and soothed it in her hands, gave it water to drink, and wet meal to eat, and it soon revived and was well enough to be put back in the nest.

"Now" said Lucy "I shall get acquainted with the doves." She sat down in the yard with some of the meal she gave the chickens in her basin, and the little dove in her lap. Of course the chickens came running to be fed, and the hens after them. But Lucy did not mind them. She was watching the mother-dove that was sailing around above making a moaning noise and looking for her lost darling.

The little dove heard, and answered, and the mother dove espied it in Lucy's lap. Then she came swooping down and lighted on a rail, almost at Lucy's knee. And Lucy put fine kernels of corn and meal all over her lap, and the old and young dove ate it off her apron together.

Afterwards Lucy climbed up and put the dove carefully back in the nest. But the old dove seemed to remember her kindness, and came down every day to be fed, and brought her nestling as soon as it was large enough. Very soon the other doves took courage from their example, and at length Lucy had them perching on her shoulders and eating from her hands.

There is a way to the heart of everything as Lucy found. And it is not in hens and doves only that that way is soonest found through the "chicks." If you want to win the mother, win the little one first.

H. A. B.

A Child's Dream.

I dreamed a strange dream last night, mother,
And it made me laugh and cry;
'Twas a very wonderful dream, mother,
Of the city in the sky.

But first I dreamed of the earth, mother—
I was glad it faded soon—
For the tall pines stood out black and still,
The moon was a ghostly moon.

The light was so weird and dim, mother.
That it made me feel afraid;
And a cold wind blew from a darksome cloud
Which covered me with its shade.

My heart stood still in my fear, mother;
I shivered and shrank, and wept,
Till a soft hand gently lifted me up,
And a sweet voice said I slept.

So I dreamed it was a dream, mother,
And turned to look in the face
Of him who had broken the fearful spell,
While a glory filled the place;

And O, that face was so sweet, mother,
With eyes full of peace and love,
That I knelt at the angel's feet, mother,
For I knew he dwelt above.

Then he took me in his arms, mother,
I laid my head on his breast,
And I felt so safe from all harm, mother,
As I could always rest.

And I saw a golden road, mother.
Leading up from earth to sky,
And over that beautiful way we went,
This loving angel and I.

Ere long, for we seemed to fly, mother,
We entered a land so fair
That it filled my heart with the sweetest joy.
To look on the beauty there.

I saw many children, too, mother,
And they gathered round my guide,
Kissing the hem of his shining robe,
And pressing close to his side.

His grand face shone like the sun, mother.
But yet with a softer light,
For I gazed upon it with awe and love,
And it did not blind my sight.

He spoke and the sound was sweeter far
Than any I ever heard,
And a glow of the purest ecstasy
Came after every word.

The language was not like ours, mother,
But still I could understand;
And I knew he welcomed the child of earth
Among that heavenly band.

I took my place before him, mother,
And stood among the rest,
And the beautiful angel gave to me
The white rose from his breast.

But as I reached to take it, mother,
I heard you speaking my name;
And I woke to see my own dear home,
With everything the same.

O, I wish I had gained the rose, mother,
And know for what it was meant;
I wish I could finish the dream, mother,
For then I should be content.

* * * * *

The mother wept as she answered low,
" 'Twas a strange, strange dream thou wert given;
But ah, my child, I would bid thee know
'Twill only finish in heaven."

A DINNER of fragments is often said to be the best dinner. So are there few minds but might furnish some instruction and entertainment out of their scraps, their odds and ends of thought. They who can not weave a uniform web, may at least produce a piece of patch-work.



The New Service Book.

The New Service-book issued by the Publishing House is winning golden opinions. Said a minister, who is also a Sunday School Superintendent. "I like it the best of anything I have ever seen. *It is just the thing.*" "Just the thing is what our schools are all waiting for. The price is only \$4.50 per dozen. All schools wishing a new service-book should see a copy of this.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—Rev. J. P. Tabor, of West Scituate, recently had his birthday celebrated by members of his church and Sunday School. Much to the surprise returning to his home, he found a large number of carriages surrounding his residence while his orchard was converted into a picnic ground with well-filled tables. At the proper moment a little boy, in the name of the parish presented him with a number of valuable books.

—The annual meeting of the Universalist Sunday School Association is to be held at Newtonville on Wednesday, September 10, commencing at 10 A. M. and continuing through the day and evening. All pastors, teachers, officers and members of Sunday Schools, who may be present, will be members of the Association. Subject for discussion at the morning session, "The Aim and Method of Sunday School Works." Speakers—Miss Ellen E. Miles, of New Haven, Conn., and Rev. George Hill, of South Dedham, Mass. Subject for the afternoon—"What shall be Taught and who Shall Teach it in our Sunday Schools?" Speakers—Mr. E. J. Comins, of Worcester, Mass., Rev. M. R. Leonard, of Waltham, Mass. In the evening a Lecture will be given by Mrs. P. A. Hanaford, of New Haven, Conn. Subject—"The Unity and Co-operation of Church and Sunday Schools." Rev. J. J. Lewis will preside. We shall give an account of this meeting next week.

VERMONT.

—The Vermont Convention at Brattleboro had an excellent Sunday School meeting on the morning of the second day.

PENNSYLVANIA.

—A Union picnic was lately held at Girard, on Lake Erie, the Presbyterian, Methodist and Universalist Sunday schools all uniting. It was a joyous occasion. There were on the grounds over six hundred people.

OHIO.

—A good Sunday School is reported at New Wony, with an average attendance of sixty-five scholars, "which," the Leader says, "in a country school where the people have to come from one to four miles, is particularly creditable.

—A pleasant letter, to the *Star* from Hamilton, gives account of two or three excursions enjoyed by the Sunday School during the summer, one to the Soldier's Home at Dayton, which resulted in putting fifty-six dollars in the treasury besides the good time and the education in patriotism. The letter says, "This proves that giving rational enjoyments to our Sunday Schools at proper intervals will be sure to be endorsed by the appreciative and never fails "to pay." Our Sunday schools are a power for

good—the basis and hope of the church. They must be cultivated and sustained by the special attention and earnest support of every friend of human goods."

MICHIGAN.

—The Universalist Society in Corunna is continuing in its prosperity. The meetings are well attended, and the Sunday School is equal to, if not the best in the State. Recently the Superintendent, O. Williams, Esq., was surprised with an elegant set of silver ware, a mark of honor for his faithful and intelligent services.

INDIANA.

—There is a "live Sunday School" at Pleasant Lake, with Dr. Frany as Superintendent.

At Mt. Carmel, the Sunday School has the excellent plan of a joint management, harmoniously carried on by Br. E. Jenkins and Sister, L. L. Simonson. That the plan is excellent, and worthy to be considered elsewhere, appears in the fact that the school is one of the best in the State.

A Young Lady's Work for the Church.

A letter to the *Liberal Christian* from Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, has a pleasant paragraph about Miss Lee Clerc, the young lady who is pastor of our church there. Although it is not exactly a Sunday School item it will be interesting to members of Sunday Schools, as showing one kind of work open to gifted young women. The letter says:

"Among the thirteen churches we found, indeed, no Unitarian Society, but we *did* find a pleasant Universalist chapel standing in a pretty green yard shaded by maples. Venetian blinds admitted a tempered light, a few engravings hung on the walls, a green, cool-looking carpet covered the aisles, and over the pulpit arch, in legible letters, the motto 'Peace on earth, good-will to men' greeted us as we entered. We emphasize legible, for both *in* and *on* some beautiful Eastern churches we have tried in vain to decipher legends which, for aught we could make out, might be written in an unknown tongue. The congregation was small, and seemed to us to wear a more friendly, cheerful aspect than we have been apt to notice in Sunday congregations. The preacher was not a black-robed man, but a young woman, whose white dress suggested somehow the shining ones whom Christian saw across the river—

'Her dress was like the lilies,
Her heart was pure as they;
One of God's holy messengers
Did speak to us that day.'

"The services were very simple, and the sermon from the text, This 'do in remembrance of me,' was appropriats to the occasion—the Communion. She said she ascribed no mystical significance to the rite, but believed that as Jesus in his discourses drew his illustrations from common and simple things, and incidents with which his disciples were familiar, so that Last Supper suggested this commemoration of his love and sacrifice for all who loved him. There was so much of purity and modesty in her appearance, her exposition was delightful, and it seemed to us 'good to be there.'"

A Call to Prayer.

Kneel, my child, for God is here:
Bend in love, but not in fear;
Kneel before Him now in prayer;
Thank him for his constant care;
Praise him for his bounties shed;
Every moment on the head;



Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XXVII.—SAUL

Question.—Who took Saul in charge after his escape from Damascus?

Answer.—Acts ix. 27.

Q.—To what place did Barnabas go with him?

A.—Acts ix. 28.

Q.—To whom did Barnabas bring him?

A.—Acts ix. 27.

Q.—In what way did he commend Saul to the apostles?

A.—Acts ix. 27.

Q.—What did Saul do in Jerusalem?

A.—Acts ix. 29.

Q.—What did the Jews attempt to do to Saul?

A.—Acts ix. 29.

Q.—When the disciples learned of this purpose of the Jews, what did they do with Saul?

A.—Acts ix. 30.

Q.—To what place did they send him from Cesarea?

A.—Acts ix. 30.

Q.—What was the result of Saul's conversion, to the churches?

A.—Acts ix. 31.

Barnabas had great influence with the christians because of the high character and of his being the noble founder of christian charities. Acts iv. 34-37. And we shall have occasion to give some further account of him as the companion of Saul in the first missionary work to the gentile world.

Bible Questions

Who hath the witness in himself?

Who are made to be taken and destroyed? What do they do? What shall happen to them? Like whom shall they receive the reward of unrighteousness?

Whose deeds did the church in Ephesus hate?

What is promised to him that overcometh?

Unto what has God begotten us again? By what? To what?

In whom is not the love of the Father? What is not of the Father? Of what is it?



Enigma. No. 1.

B WAS Joseph's younger brother;
 E wore the mantle of another;
 A first wore the high priest's robe;
 U, the native land of Job;
 T in the wilderness was built;
 I's blood Abraham would have spilt;
 F in prison left St. Paul;
 U before the ark did fall;
 L from sleep did Jesus call.

S, a wise and powerful king;
 P, in prison, psalms did sing;
 R, the place where Paul was slain;
 I, the traitor's other name;
 N, the wickedest of tyrants;
 G, the greatest of the giants.

I, of o'd God's chosen nation;
 S beheld the "Lord's Salvation."

H stands for the word "Hosanna,"
 E, the city of Dinana;
 R once saved his brother's life;
 E was Zachariah's wife.

Enigma No. 2.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 1, 20, 35, 14, is a kind of bird.

My 15, 16, 22, 14, is a vagabond.

My 23, 17, 18, 21, 25, 7, 8, 30, 24, is a tomb.

My 12, 8, 9, 14, 31, 7, 6, 30, 35, 28, is a large animal.

My 3, 31, 30, 4, 20, 33, 28, 24, is a reptile.

My 5, 6, 32, 31, 14, is a kind of fruit.

My 10, 27, 18, 30, 20, 23, 19, is a kind of disease.

My 11, 13, 29, 2, 5, 27, is a narrow passage.

My 26, 33, 35, 36, 20, 14, 7, 27, 10, 5, 31, is an instrument of music.

My whole is one of the commandments of the apostle John.

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